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Job Trotter

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Kellie Forrester

Job Trotter

Seeks Health

*Finds Negroes' Earthly Paradise
is Africa*

By Sylvester Field



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New York*

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DEDICATED
TO
MY FAITHFUL HELPMEET.

JOB TROTTER.

CHAPTER I.

JOB TROTTER was a handsome young man, who with his widowed mother lived with her brother, a successful merchant in an eastern city.

Mr. Post offered his sister a home in his family when her husband died, and his wife and only son did all in their power to make their home a pleasant one to these greatly bereaved relatives. The cousins were about the same age. Both chose mercantile life, and a course in a commercial college; after which Mr. Post took them into his employ.

Mrs. Trotter mourned for her husband until her health was undermined, and she wilted like a crushed flower. After five years she, too, was laid in the grave. Job was prostrated with grief. His love for his mother was intense. She was his earthly idol, and he wondered that he could live without her. Time and close application to business helped him to recover from the first shock, but his continued

sadness and dislike of company changed him so that his uncle offered to start the cousins in a branch store in a neighboring village, that the entire change of scene might restore Job's interest in life, and give both young men a new chance for advancement in business.

Louis Post with his cousin had been active in their church life, and were favorites among the young people. Now Louis had to join in the entertainments alone. Such a change in Job inclined Louis to accept his father's offer with enthusiasm, and a pleasant village, one of the prettiest in New England, was decided on for the new store.

Job invested a part of the fortune his father left him in it, and the prospect seemed very bright. Their young friends all regretted their going, and Louis became engaged to one with whom he was desperately in love. "

CHAPTER II.

THEY took rooms in the best hotel in the place. A new building was rented for their store. It was well stocked with goods. Plenty of advertising brought them customers, and life began again to look attractive to Job. He enjoyed the close attention given to his work.

Louis not only liked the business but was rejoiced to have Job more like his old-time self, for the cousins were as fond of each other as David and Jonathan of olden time.

They took an interest in their church, and were again loyal to "Christ and the Church." They met pleasant people, old and young. Their business grew steadily and more clerks were employed. They decided more time must be given to recreation. Louis insisted upon it, so they joined in the athletic games of the village and became popular with all they had to do with. The village people soon discovered that two fine young men had come among them to reside. Louis made friends easily.

His good nature and manliness won all their hearts. Job was more quiet, but his handsome face, fine form and unusual height of six feet impressed all who saw him as an attractive man, and a perfect gentleman in manners.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN summer came and the school vacations took place many new young ladies patronized the store. College girls were in evidence.

Louis sent to his father for more fancy notions, and had a display in the windows of pretty ribbons, silver ornaments, and trinkets and a variety of attractive articles to catch the fancy of the girls, so their store became more popular than ever. Pretty girls and plain girls, old ones and young ones all came. Louis showed some attention to all. Job said he liked the plain and old ones the best. They bought what they wanted with less talk and fuss. He never waited on any of them unless the number in the store required him to assist.

But, alas! for theories—one day a customer came in, who so attracted him, by her beauty, that he forgot his professed preference for plain ones, and made the selection of goods and price so easy for her that her purchase was a large

one, and it was with eager delight he took her address where the goods were to be sent. It was to Mr. Settledon's, Vine Avenue. As soon as he could have a word with Louis he asked him if he knew them. Louis said, "No, and yet knew of them." Squire Settledon was one of the rich men of the place, who had an elegant home on the Avenue. His wife had been in the store, but Job had not noticed her. This must be the eldest daughter, who had been away to college. A younger sister had been in the store several times, but he had waited on her, as Job did not care for "pretty girls."

He observed that both sisters were considered pretty. He had heard a good deal in their praise as active Christian girls. He had never seen the elder one, and asked Job what he thought of her.

"She is superbly beautiful. I never saw such large, expressive eyes, or such an exquisite complexion on any young face before. I hope she will come into the store often."

Days passed and she did not come. He walked past her home often, but could not see anything of her. He consulted Louis as to how they could contrive to get acquainted with her. They ascertained her family went to the Methodist Church, so to the Methodist Church they went, for a change. They did not wish to be considered "narrow-minded," besides,

were not some of their best customers in that church too? They found it so pleasant to see Hope Settledon enter the church that Job said he much preferred that church, not that he liked his church less, but this one (when Hope was there) more. They watched her as she came in with her family. They visited the Sabbath School. She was there a teacher. They went to evening meeting, she was there. Job could think or talk to Louis of no one else. He said he would give half of what he was worth to know her.

CHAPTER IV.

LOUIS wrote to his father asking if he knew Squire Settledon, and if so to give him a letter of introduction.

The desired letter came. He took it to the Squire's office, and was kindly received. Soon an invitation came for him and his cousin to dine with the family in their house. It was a blissful occasion for Job. He had not anticipated the half of what the realization was, to be near and to talk to the eldest daughter, whose name was Hope. Louis did his part by making himself agreeable to the older people and younger sister. His heart was true to "the girl he left behind him." He was not now taken with beauty and bright eyes, but was glad to have Job interested once more in companions of a suitable age.

While Louis had made his selection of a sweetheart, Job had been considered rather as a flirt. He always said his heart belonged to his mother, and he was well content in her love. Now he seemed to have met his fate. Would the "Course of true love run smooth," or meet with its usual fatality?

When they went to call a few evenings after the dinner, there were four hats on the rack, and Job was greatly disappointed. The call was a short one. Hope was brilliantly beautiful, and entertained all with ease and fluent conversation. Job felt quite miserable. Could the "Rose that all were praising" be for him? He feared not; and notwithstanding the encouragement Louis gave him he was dreadfully despondent.

He called again, but others were there, and she showed him no special favor. He called in the afternoon, and invited her to a concert. She accepted. Oh, what bliss in imagination, and more yet in realization! He complained of the many hats on the rack when he called in the evenings. She said they were old friends who came to while away their time.

How did Hope like him? She told her father she had never met any one so agreeable as he was, never in her life before, and that if he did not like so many hats on the rack she would be out for the first part of every evening, until her old beaux left off coming, so that he could call in peace, and they enjoy themselves together.

Her father told her that would be too marked a preference for him; but she was decided that she wished to see no one else but him.

"Would you be willing to marry him, my dear?"

"Indeed, I would; if he asked me I would jump at the chance."

"You must be careful. Don't think too much of him. He is only an acquaintance."

"I don't care if I do say it to you, I am fascinated with him. I want no other friend. I will give up every one who comes here, so that he will enjoy coming."

CHAPTER V.

How did Job feel? He told Louis: "It is no use for me to flatter myself that Hope would prefer me; she has so many admirers. I am only one of the last of her acquaintances. She must like her old friends best. She is so polite to all; so kind-hearted always; no more to me than to any one else. I can never win her. I might as well give up the thought, and attend to my store."

"No," said Louis, "you have as good a chance as any one. When she knows you better she will appreciate you, for I will say a better, purer man never lived in this town. If she does not understand your worth, and treat you well, she will lose the rare chance of a lifetime. Ask her to ride with you, get her by yourself; cut out those other fellows. You can do it, if you will."

It was one of Job's blue days. He had not seen Hope for a week, when, wonderful to relate, she came into the store one morning, looking as fresh and sweet as a lily.

"Now, Job," said Louis, "there's a chance for you."

Job advanced, the smiling clerk withdrew. Hope lingered over the goods she was looking at, and finally purchased the piece he liked best. It was for a dress for herself. This so encouraged him that he asked her if she would ride with him in the afternoon. She said, "Yes" so sweetly that he believed she was pleased with the invitation.

They had a charming ride, so both thought. He asked her if she would go again on a pleasant lake drive some miles away, some day. She said she would, and she set the day she could go.

Job was so delighted with this success that he bought a gentle, beautiful horse and easy phaeton for the occasion. When the day for their going arrived, and she saw the rig she praised it as in perfect taste, and was charmed with the pretty carriage that moved so easily. They rode to the lake. The horse was left in charge of a hostler, and they went into a grotto on the bank. The view, the quiet, and the lovely girl at his side all conspired to enable him to be agreeable and to talk with a freedom and ease that enchanted her.

He asked her, "Do you really like my horse and carriage?"

"I admire it very much. I never rode in a more comfortable one."

"It will give me pleasure to give it to you. Will you accept it from me?"

"Oh, I could not accept such a valuable gift."

"Why not?"

"Papa has always said I must not accept a gift from a gentleman I am not engaged to."

"Then that objection can be removed. Will you engage yourself to me?"

"Oh, what have I said?" and Hope buried her face in her hands.

Then Job had the opportunity of telling all his love for her. Hope burst into tears.

"Why, my darling, why do you weep?"

"Because I am so happy."

And then followed words and loving expressions that beggar description. Imagination never fails us!

CHAPTER VI.

TIME, relentless time, at last warned them to return home. Hope asked Job to dine with them. He accepted the invitation. He wanted to see her parents, and to get their approval of him as a son. He watched Hope enter her father's door, and thought, "She is my Hope; truly she loves me; her heart is mine, and mine alone." It was not long before he returned from the livery stable. Hope was waiting at the window for him. She rushed to the door, and embraced him. He asked to see her father, and she took him to the library.

"Papa, we want to talk with you."

Her father laid aside his book, and greeted Job kindly, who said:

"I have come to ask your consent to my possession of your daughter. I have her heart, and she has mine. My life and all it is worth are hers. Will you accept me as your son, and sanction our union?"

"Hope, do you really love him as you should love to unite your life with his?"

"Father, I cannot tell how much I love him.

I can only say that I am perfectly happy in his love."

"Then, my children, I give my consent. I am well acquainted with the character of his relatives, and of his late father. I am perfectly satisfied with what I know of him. God bless you both in your choice of each other."

"You are the best papa in the world."

They went to look for her mother. She was in the cheerful sitting-room. She welcomed Job cordially, and asked if they had had a pleasant ride. Job answered for both:

"Hope has said she enjoyed it, and for me it has been the pleasantest of my life, a memorable ride. Hope has promised to be my wife. We want you now to give us loving congratulations on our true love for each other, and happy prospects."

"Oh, mother, I am so happy," said Hope, as she put her arms around her mother's neck, and laid her head on her mother's breast. The tears came into the mother's eyes as she held Hope in her arms, and said:

"How can I give you up, my precious child?"

"You need not," said Job, "only take me as your son; your daughter's husband. It will be our delight to stay near you, and add all we can to your happiness, as long as you live. Will you accept me as your son, with all a son's devotion? As I loved to care for my mother, so will I gladly care for you."

"You can't help loving him, dear mother, when you know him, as I do. He is a true Christian, mother."

"Well, my darling, you have settled the matter in earnest. I believe you do love each other. I shall not oppose your decision. Job is welcome to come to our home at any time as one of our family. It is time that dinner was served. I will ring that I am ready for it. Job will remain and dine with us, I am sure."

CHAPTER VII.

LOUIS was convinced that Job had met with pleasant experiences as he heard him whistling the next morning right merrily, and before he was fairly awake, Job rushed into his room and told the good news.

"I do, indeed, rejoice with you," said Louis.

"I came home at twelve and looked in on you, but you slept so soundly, I did not like to wake you."

"It was well you did not. I am a bear when disturbed at night, and would have thrown the furniture at you."

"Then I would have thrown you out of the window."

"You must have been in a fighting mood."

"I felt strong enough to challenge the wind, if it blew rudely on Hope."

"When will you be married?"

"Very soon, I trust. I shall ask Hope this morning, when I go to see her, to set the day."

Hope said, "Most folks are engaged two years."

"Let us start a new and better fashion. Say, two weeks."

"Oh, that is too soon. College begins next week, and I graduate in another year."

"You are not going to return to college?"

"Why not?"

"I can't spare you."

"I ought to finish my college course."

"And leave me?"

"I will be awfully sorry to."

"I will get sick and die."

"If you are sick I will return and take care of you."

"It is no use of your going then, as I will be taken dangerously ill the first week, if you do. You know enough of usual studies now. We will be married and read lots of books together, and we both will enjoy the same reading then."

"I am willing, but what will papa say?"

"He will say it is the best way. 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure' for my health."

The parents demurred, but finally were won over, and Christmas was the time set for the wedding.

Her father gave her a new pretty house near his. It was rented for the summer, but the tenants would soon leave, and he would have it newly decorated and furnished for them.

Christmas came at last. A private family

wedding was given to Hope, and they went to housekeeping in the loveliest of residences, the gift of her father. It was all their own. They planted rare roses, trained more vines over the verandas, planted memorial trees, "For," as Hope said, "this will always be our home, and we will make it the most attractive place in the world. What shall we name it?"

"'Home, sweet home,'" said Job.

So that became its name, and all said it was a most suitable one.

Five years followed of comfort and devotion, during which a precious boy was born to them. They called him Gaylord, after her father. He was a fine healthy child, but when he was three years old he had the whooping cough.

Anxiety for his boy, and a bleak winter of storms resulted in such a severe cold to Job that it settled on his lungs and nothing seemed to cure him, so the doctor insisted upon his going South.

"Shall I go alone?" he asked Hope.

"No, indeed, we will all go."

"And leave this beautiful home?"

"It is worth nothing to me without you."

Hasty preparations were made, and soon all three were speeding to the "Sunny South."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE change of climate was most delightful. The balmy air worked like a charm on Job. Out-of-door life was an agreeable and efficacious remedy. Their hotel life was comfortable. The Southern people they found were social, with agreeable, easy manners. Hope fell in love with their ways at once; only she did not like to hear these elegant gentlemen say: "I'll kill that nigger."

This they did repeatedly when there was any slight fault to find, or when an order did not receive immediate obedience. Every one else was allowed, and expected to be slow, and to do little or nothing. Hope soon discovered she was in a slave state. Pleasant as this life was they became tired of it, and they all longed for home life once more. After some time spent in looking for a house, they succeeded in obtaining a cottage belonging to a planter near his own, and once again they enjoyed a quiet and beautiful home.

The next three years were full of quiet enjoyment. The planter's family were most kind

and social. His wife was somewhat of an invalid. She often called for Mrs. Trotter to ride with her in her carriage. She was a typical Southern lady, and did not care to walk. Her slave attendant expressed it:

"My Missus is a lady, and her foot ain't 'quainted wid de groun'. I jes' obsarves sum folk usinized to walk. She isn't, sho nuff."

Beautiful flowers and delicious fruits came with "my compliments." Their only son, Cecil, came often with his "Nigger Mose" to play with Gay.

The boys found lizards and snakes that were harmless, so Gay became accustomed to them. One morning he called the boys to see his beautiful nest of lizards.

"Them isn't lizzards, them's 'gaters," said Mose. "Them's bites."

Gay rushed to the house. "Come, mother, and see my 'gaters,'" he said.

She went with him, and admired them, of course, but made Gay promise he would not handle them, and he was content to see them grow. He found chamelions and fed them with flies; saw them change color when put on different colored leaves, and in this way the boys had royal good times together.

Mrs. Trotter was privileged to have one of the planter's house-servants for her use, and an old mammy that was allowed to earn a little

money for herself by extra work, took the washing for her.

"I 'lowed to do it mighty cheap, Honey, ef yo' provide de ingregiances" (soap and starch).

Job enjoyed the trees of this land. Some pines were eighty feet and more high. The water oaks, straight and crooked, laden with Florida moss, some hanging six feet and eight feet from the trees and swaying gracefully in the mild breeze, were found in abundance. This wonderful growth of moss with a tough hair-like fibre through every stem to place of clinging is not a parasite, but lives on air, and in the spring it has small green flowers on it. He also admired Indian River, wide and straight, parallel with the Atlantic, 160 miles; the shores fringed with the orange blossoms. Magnolias and honeysuckle were plentifully found. The Indians loved to camp here.

CHAPTER IX.

Job's health became established. The easy, joyful life he expressed in a quotation from Longfellow:

*"O Gift of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play:
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!*

*"Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems so much.*

*"I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent;
Like keys of some great instrument.*

*"And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.*

*"O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?"*

He had much poetry in his nature and memory, and it was awakened by these pleasant surroundings, as he and Hope sauntered in the woods listening to the mocking-birds and other songsters. Bluebirds and cardinal grosbecks, with their gay plumage, were there also by the lake side. The moonlight evenings were spent out-of-doors, watching nature's changes so quickly made.

The brief twilight and the sunsets, leaving rays of splendor, were very greatly admired as they sat on the verandas or in a boat. The dark nights were enjoyed as much, though in a different way, in the house in each other's company, with reading and music. Both were good players on the piano, and their voices harmonized so that one of their greatest pleasures was that of singing together.

"This is an ideal life," said Hope, "and has given you your health, my precious husband. I hope we can live here always. Will you not buy this cottage, and have it for our winter home? and let us name it Pine Grove Cottage. It is so rural. It is a real bower of beauty. We have the eastern sun that rises in bright orange color, and the western that

sets in golden rays. We might name it 'Paradise,' it is so like what that must be. We can live and die here, and go to Paradise having a foretaste of it."

"I am willing to buy it, if the planter will sell it to me, but I think we had better try it one year longer before we decide."

CHAPTER X.

THE planter invited them to visit his plantation. They accepted and went with him. Hope became interested in some old negroes, almost blind. She afterwards visited them, read the Bible to them and taught them Gospel songs. She also taught some of the children to read. Her kind heart went out to these ignorant slaves whose lives were controlled by their owners. She heard of the kindness of their friend, the owner of the plantation where they lived, and thought the neat cabins were good homes, and their plantation songs interested her—such as “Old Black Joe,” “Suwanee River,” and others like them. They never tired of them, and she often heard them singing before she reached a cabin:

*“One little hut among the bushes
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my memory rushes
No matter where I rove.*

*“When shall I see de bee a-hummin’,
All round de comb,
When will I hear de banjo tummin’
Down in my good old home?”*

She could not meditate on the woes of slavery; the sad experience of children sold away from their parents, as bad as the homesickness of all children away from home and those they love. It seems so strange that any one who has a human heart could keep enslaved their fellow-creatures who have the same God-given aspiration for happiness, home and heaven; and what a blot on this summer land where heaven bends down to earth caressingly.

Some of the old darkies told her harrowing stories of some who were sold to cruel masters. One old slave said that her mother belonged to a bad man, who, when she grew old and valueless let her starve, and when dead had her put into a cart and then in a hole dug way off, and buried like a hog.

Another story was of a slave who was made to feed sick cows, and being with child when it was born its eyes rolled like those of a sick cow, and he was club-footed and had a withered hand. He was shown as a curiosity by his inhuman master, and then met a sudden death and rude burial.

The planter heard that Hope sympathized with his slaves, and he told Job it would not do; and from that time the friendly relations of the planter's family ceased.

Cecil was not allowed to play with Gay, and their disfavor was so apparent that Job

thought they had better give up the cottage and move away.

There were now rumors of a war against the North for Southern independence. Hope was sorry to leave the spot where her dear husband enjoyed such good health, but she agreed with him that it was wise to do so, and succeeding events proved it to be the wisest course, as their sympathies were all with the North, and against slavery.

They went to St. Louis. Here they found a pleasant home in a private boarding-house, and had kind neighbors. The climate was mild and the city was settled by stirring business men. It was a life that suited Job better than the lazy life he had been living further south. But soon news of war followed them. A border state did not seem to be a place of settled enjoyment to a man with Northern principles against slavery. The constant discussions were distasteful to him, and the strong expressions against the North, by the majority of women, were greatly disliked by Hope. They were loth to leave the Union friends they had made in the house, but definite views must be expressed and all there agreed that the Union and her flag must be respected. So they bought a large Union Flag and flung it to the breeze from the front of the house. This made a great commotion. Their secession neighbors talked against it. They would not pass on

the sidewalk under the flag, but crossed over to the other side. The children acted as the parents did. Gay was again left by his playmates, and not only that, but they insulted him every chance they had. He often came in crying and told his mother that the boys did not like him any more, because of the flag. Hope heard women say, "If I thought I had a drop of Yankee blood in me, I'd cut it out."

Hope and Job decided it would be better to move to a free state, and so parted from their friends, and went to Chicago.

CHAPTER XI.

THEY arrived in Chicago with glad hearts. Here they found fine accommodations in a hotel on the beautiful lake. The delightful drives and the views of extensive prairies interested them very much.

A funny experience came to Hope one day. As she wished to go to the West side she crossed on the bridge, but before she reached the other side it had to turn to let a boat through. That brought her to the same side she had left, but she did not notice, and walked off and went some distance before she discovered her mistake. There were so many beautiful homes on the South side Hope wanted to rent one and begin life anew. So they selected a nice one, and adorned it with pretty things, and settled down once more to enjoy home life again.

Years passed on. They spent some months of each winter further south, but this was their home, sweet home, once more. Gaylord had a private tutor, and was fast becoming an agreeable companion to his father and mother.

This happy condition was unduly disturbed by the great fire, when all they had vanished forever from their sight. That is, all that could burn.

Job, Hope and Gaylord were spared to each other, and they were so thankful for their own preservation that all else seemed as nothing. They fled to a place of safety, and witnessed the most appalling sight that one can behold, a city on fire. Hotels, churches, public buildings, business blocks, mercantile establishments, newspaper offices, humble homes, costly residences were all leveled amid flames and smoke. It was a horror unimaginable!

The anxiety, suffering and excitement, pen cannot describe nor picture it to those who did not witness it. "What shall we do?" "Shall we have anything left to start anew?" "Where can we go?" was heard on all sides. Job said, "Shall we return to New England?" Hope said, "No, we will run no risk of your health."

They went finally to try New York. There they found the rush for wealth, social position and public prominence carried out to a fabulous extent. All could not be at the top notch, so jealousy, heart burnings, and expensive display was the result while vying with each other for popularity. This was the life of many.

Job found, in the church of his choice, noble Christians, men of great wealth, but who were

greater in themselves than all their money, good as, or better than, gold; who gave loving service to their church. Job and Hope gave themselves to a part in the church work that was not very popular with the many. The Chinese school, a branch of the main Sunday School, needed teachers. The superintendent sent a notice to the church to call attention to the fact. Job and Hope responded, and soon after Gaylord and his tutor also were interested. Hope had a scholar who admired her very much, and at Christmas time sent her silk handkerchiefs, red, blue and green. This was the best that he could do to express his thanks for her teaching. Job was asked to take another's class into his—one man—as his teacher was away for a short time. When a Chinaman is pleased his complexion is a light yellow, but when displeased it grows a dark brown. This man's face grew quite dark, as Job took his teacher's chair, and he said:

“Me want old girl back, teach me.”

He was slow to be pleased, but when the old lady returned to teach him his face grew radiant.

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CHAPTER XII.

JOB was then given a more advanced scholar, who paid good attention, and eyed his teacher with great interest. Before long, he appeared dressed as "Mellican man," ring on his finger, glass pin in his scarf, and gloves! He told his teacher he was going to give up his laundry and sell things—slawberries, rasbellies, oranges, ice-cleam and lice and bread." When Job told Hope about it she said he'd better put his watch chain in his pocket or the man would spend all the money he earned in jewelry, trying to imitate his "Mellican" teacher, as they were especially good at imitation. A story is told of the man in the kitchen as a help for the cook, who always slipped off his shoes as he had seen the cook do when she peeled potatoes.

As each man had a separate teacher, it required many as the school grew in numbers, and many young ladies from the church were invited to take classes. It proved a bad experiment, as the men became too fond of their teachers, and one teacher consented to marry

her scholar and go with him to China. But her friends opposed it so it had to be given up, and he returned to China alone, probably a heart-broken man. She left the school, as it was "too narrow-minded" to suit her.

The annual boat excursion which was given by the men to their teachers was frowned upon by some in the church, and was given up, also the expensive dinners given by the teachers to the school each year were abandoned.

Job insisted that the object of the school was to teach them to read the Bible, and to teach them the way of salvation, that they might return to China and carry the Gospel to their countrymen.

They were fitted by language and acclimated to the country, and could live there and work for Christ better than the white people, as it was proven more than once. One of the teachers, an educated, noble, Christian woman, fitted herself to go as a missionary to China by learning the language as best she could by two years' study with the intelligent men. She went, and taught awhile, but took a fever and died. Her devoted husband, a minister, went with her and died also with the fever. A son and daughter remained there, and did good work, and kept well by returning home often for a change of climate.

Job took the matter up in earnest. He started a missionary society which was to send

converts back to China to open chapels there, and work to convert the native Chinese so that they need not come to this country to learn of Christ and salvation. They got a taste here for money, so a large fund was started to furnish good salaries to the men to build chapels and to do a special work in each school in fitting out the men who love their Saviour and love China and hope to return there before they die, and if not able to do so wish their bodies to be sent there. Such a home-loving people should be helped to return to their homes and their families and their country, and so to spread the Gospel to their "end of the earth."

It was a kind providence to other nations to implant in the hearts of this prolific people of 400,000,000 population with immense territory, such a strong inborn tie to their native land of China.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Trotter family spent their winters in New York City, their summers out of town. They went for several summers to a pleasant country seat situated on the bank of the Hudson River, where the high cliffs, the grand scenery, the fine air, and pleasant surroundings inclined them to locate permanently, but they felt a desire to see the new city that had arisen out of its ashes, and beholding it were amazed at what man could accomplish in a comparatively short time. More elegant buildings they had rarely seen than were now to be found in the city of Chicago.

Hope was greatly interested in the Woman's Temple of white marble, suitable symbol of a pure cause, rising up to its great height, making such a splendid sight by its fine architecture, showing such good taste, and furnishing needed conveniences for their Gospel work under their noble leader, whose last act and thought was for it as a great benefit to the cause she loved and had consecrated her life to its service, expressing so loudly "Love to

God and Man." She little thought she was working for her own memorial, and where the last view of her lovely face would be taken by her comrades who so dearly loved her with whom they had worked, and where in its spacious hall the incense of daily prayer had been and continued to be, offered. Here souls had been saved and helped by sisterly love following out the Golden Rule. The work faltered not; though the dear one was promoted, her spirit remained to encourage those left in charge, and it was fitting that this splendid temple should be her memorial. This "uncrowned queen" was entitled to one as beautiful, but the enemy entered even here and impelled by envy and an evil spirit sent shafts of spite in every direction under the pretense of its showing an extravagant expenditure, though no limit was set in other cases of expensive travel and sight seeing. But God still cares for his own. A rich man took an interest and by influencing others relieved all indebtedness, and the Dove of Peace rested there, where the Prince of Peace had been preached. A lesson had been taught and learned that leaders should walk in clean garments. Their acts should be above suspicion. If they cannot praise they can keep silence. If they cannot help they need not hinder. The Union, whose leader goes about stirring up strife and brow-beating its members may retain his office,

and wield mighty power, but his ways are not American. We want no foreign potentates in America with their secret motto "rule or ruin" so different from God's rule "Blessed are the peacemakers."

"I wish," said Hope, "that all the fault-finding, dissatisfied, grumbling, mischief-brewing, and beer-brewing folks might be exported from our country, and never more allowed to return, both male and female."

"How would you do it?" said Job.

"I would fill ships with them every day in the year if needful, and send them to the land from which they came, and would have a police force large enough to scour the country and rid it of all such vermin, and then tear down their houses and disinfect the country North, South, East and West."

"If this were to be your woman's policy I don't think we would have woman-suffrage very soon."

"I, for one, do not want woman's suffrage. Let them keep their homes sweet and pleasant."

"Some have no homes."

"Then they can bestow their inherited mother love on forlorn, sweet, innocent, darling little children, who have no home or any one to love and care for them. Better care for them than for pet dogs and cats."

"Don't you think woman-suffrage would help some matters?"

"No; any one can see that public life spoils women. They get to wrangling and quarrelling, and make disgusting spectacles of themselves."

"Do not the men also?"

"They do get excited in debate, and are often undignified and ungentlemanly, and we may be ashamed of them, but public women are a terror. They would add fuel to the flame, and no man or angel could quench it."

"Well, I trust the time is not far off when men will uphold the right with gentlemanly courtesy and old-fashioned politeness, and use their influence for God and righteousness. I think myself that suffrage should be restricted rather than enlarged."

"Will it not be grand if the time ever comes when workingmen save their earnings, and support their families instead of the saloons; and when rich men use their money in large enterprises, for the good of their country, and betterment of the world?"

"Yes, and then could be sung, not on one day in the year only, but all the time, 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER summer was spent at a sea-shore place on the New Jersey coast, a very beautiful and quiet spot where a religious community made heaven seem nearer to earth than elsewhere. The grand ocean reminded them constantly of God's boundless love. Its billows and surf in the moonlight told plainly of his lavish beauty on sea and land.

*"God of the Sea,
Majestic, most profound,
Enlarge my bound,
Broader and deeper let me be."*

The grove of pine, the woods, the birds chanted and whispered his praise. The congenial company and the salubrious air convinced them they had found a pleasant resting place.

Job bought a pretty cottage and gave it to Hope.

"It is too bad," he said, "that you who loved your 'Sweet Home' and expected to

live there always should have to follow me in such a life of change. We have seemed to emulate the 'Wandering Jew.'"

"I think you are looking now at the outside of things. I have had a permanent home in your heart, and you in mine, for 'Tis home where the heart is.'"

"Now, we can hope to have this cottage for our permanent summer home."

"Yes, the cottage is very pretty and the air suits you better than the coast of New England. We will enjoy it as we always do any house where we can live by ourselves, and have everything as we like it, free to go and come as we please at any time; read, sing and play, with no outsiders to be annoyed or displeased. It will be an attractive refuge away from the public eye."

They enjoyed the bathing with its exhilarating effects. The boating and the fishing, also the entertainments, concerts and religious advantages were sources of pleasure and profit.

"It will well prepare Gaylord for his college life that he will enter on in the autumn."

"What one can you find good enough for *our boy?*"

"I have informed myself about different colleges, and give my preference to one where the President is a courtly and kindly gentleman. One who is well-fitted both by culture and example to be a model for young men."

"I won't let him go to college," said Hope, "if he is going to be hazed."

"No, I would not either if that was a necessity, but it is not; far from it. Those mean tricks are of the past."

"I won't have my darling boy kicked about by a set of bullies, his bones broken and badly injured for life."

"No, it is simply barbarous; a lot of fellows against one. Gaylord is so tall and well-developed that I would risk him against any one boy. But it is not fair to be attacked unawares by a pack of ruffians."

"I am not afraid but that he could hold his own against any one of his age. His athletic training has had such good practice with you and his tutor."

"It is not so much a question of strength as of right and decency."

"I should think the officers of an Institution for the betterment of young men might see to their conduct."

"They might and do. The one I would select, and have about decided on, holds its rightful power over its students. They must bring good well-known references as to character. None are admitted unless such are satisfactory. They must sign a contract to keep the rules of the college, and always maintain a courteous behavior to all in the college or without. If any one disobeys he is suspended until

he promises to reform, and for a second offence he is expelled."

"That is good, as then the college must graduate well-educated and well-mannered young gentlemen, such as I hope Gaylord will be."

"I think he will truly enjoy his life there. It will be pleasant and in many ways like his life with us; and besides he will have the advantage of the society of men who have attained high literary standing. He will appreciate all this, as he has already developed great love for study and knowledge of all kinds. He has a level head, as well as good common sense."

"Yes, indeed, he has, and I think he will enjoy such a life immensely."

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN he entered college the boys were at first inclined to make fun of his name, and called him "Gay Trotter," but they soon found out he could trot faster than the best of them, and they took great pride in his "feats as a gay trotter," as well as in his feats of strength in their games. He could row like a sailor. He could pitch ball as well as some professionals. At the same time he was first in feats of scholarship, and so became a great favorite with president, professors, and students. A young ladies' seminary in the town gave them an occasional opportunity to meet the fair sex at receptions given by the President. Some of Gay's letters had in them funny sayings of the girls. "A Southern girl, in talking of good things to eat, was asked: 'Do you like fish-balls?'"

"She said: 'I never attended any.'"

"Another story was of a Western girl who was asked the old joke: 'Do you like Crabbe's Tales?'"

"'I did not know crabs had tails.'"

"I meant read 'Crabbe's Tales.'"

"I did not know red crabs had tails."

"After that I wanted to run behind the barn and laugh. She was rather excusable. She was a mere chit of a girl, and this was her first year of boarding school life. Her father had loads of money, but not much brains. She would inherit the most of his money, but doubtful about brains."

In another letter he said: "The Southern girl is not so bad after all. She is unusually bright, handsome, and good-natured. I may fall in love with her; but don't be frightened, mother; I will never marry a girl that you do not like to have for a daughter, but will keep my heart in an ice-box if necessary until you see her, which I hope will be at Commencement, when, of course, you both will be here."

His mother wrote him, giving good advice.

"Scatter the golden coin of courtesy freely, if you would travel over the road that leads to success."

And in answer to a letter that he was sometimes lonely and almost homesick, she wrote:

*"Seldom can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups with love to fill."*

CHAPTER XVI.

JOB had never been to a college to draw learning from that fountain, but he loved books, and was constantly bringing home all the new and desirable ones, as well as old ones on subjects he was interested in. He read and enjoyed them, and then "passed them on" to others. The motto of the whole family was, "Pass it on!"

He learned the truth, that if you would thoroughly enjoy anything, share it with another. The family were of one mind in this respect. Hope was constantly finding people, young and old, who were feeding their minds on chaff. She taught and gave away books. Poor little children who could not read received from her hands alphabets on blocks and primers. To all she gave suitable books, and those which would be helpful, with the advice, "Pass it on." She influenced those she helped to help others in their turn, to read to the blind and ignorant, to visit and sing to the sick in their homes and in the hospitals, and to sew for the ragged poor. In fact, to "be a star in some one's

sky." She did not seek to form new societies, but each one she helped to become a society of their own, and started kind acts in others, so that as far as her influence went she was always helpful to others.

In talking to Job about her work she said:

"What seemed like a great calamity to us, in leaving our home nest stirred up so suddenly by your sickness, seems to have been for the good of others, as well as leading us to be less selfish."

"You never were selfish. Our strange life of wandering, I confess, has made me very different. I was ambitious to be well thought of by those who knew me; to bear a fine reputation was my wish, but I have learned the true value of my wife, who has turned every cloud into sunshine."

"I, too, have learned the 'true value of my husband.' My constant prayer is:

*"Out of my selfish self, oh, lift me up,
To live for others, and in living so
To bear a blessing where'er I go;
Give me sunshine, and the clouds conceal—
Oh! let them but their silver sides reveal."*

Hope's interest in the Southern negro after their freedom increased when she saw in every city and town their surroundings of poverty, uncleanness and degradation. Their mode of

life was so very miserable and ignorant, not knowing how to read or how to live in decency. The only redeeming feature was their love of song, one of their favorites being:

*"He frees my soul! He frees my soul!
Hallelujah! Praise de Lord!"*

Some seemed to think as much of this, as that their poor bodies were free.

Her oft-repeated question was:

"What can be done for this poor, ignorant people?"

"They must be educated."

"Of course they must; but that will not suit all."

"What else can we do?"

"I think of them as I do of the poor Chinamen, that the place for them is where they came from. They never can be as we are. It is impossible for them to assimilate with the whites, and revolting to my thought. It must be true, 'What God has put asunder let no man join together.' Such union is against nature, and must be repellent to others as well as to myself."

"We want no mongrel race in our land."

"I can't live as they live; I can't eat as they eat."

"We surely can work for their civilization without living with them."

"We could, but they won't. They aspire to whatever we do and have."

"Many things are being done for them. Many good men are as interested as you are."

"They don't visit them in their filthy homes as I do."

"They were brought here against their will, and it seems right that they should be well cared for now by us."

"We are not responsible for their being here. We did not bring them. If their condition had been anything in Africa they could not have been enslaved."

"Well, this is our work now, as they are here and must be cared for."

"Why don't those who are better off among them care for these wretched ones?"

"They do in the matter of education."

"But the houses need improving. They are spots of destitution, and ought to be attended to first of all; but if a colored girl leaves such a home and goes among white people and earns wages, she spends it on herself by trying to dress like white folks with feathers on her hat, dresses with trains to them. It is heartless in them, to say the least."

"Well, the men are the same. They get a cane, a tall hat, imitation jewelry, and a cigar in their mouths, and try to be 'colored gentlemen.'"

"It is strange. Why don't they first get

neat, comfortable homes for their wives and mothers, and live with them and teach them?"

"It is the same old story. Every one for himself, and I almost believe what is so often said, if a colored man is unusually smart, 'Why, he has white blood in him.'"

CHAPTER XVII.

"It is a pity that these smart leaders do not start settlements among the poorer class, and influence them to live nicer in their homes. They could be clean, at any rate, however poor they were. Water does not cost anything, or fresh air.

"Then, too, the owners of the houses they live in ought to see to it that they are kept clean, and dispossess them if they do not keep them so, and the poorest tenements should be torn down, and good ones built in their places."

"Yes, I think instead of thousands of dollars spent in fine educational buildings for the few, let the many have decent homes instead of the squalor and crowded rooms they huddle into in the cities."

"Instead of the higher education for a few hundred negroes, that he may do white man's work, let the thousands in ignorance and neglect have a chance. Let him who knows how to read teach him who cannot read. Let them read to the old and blind stories from the Bible and so teach them and fit them for eter-

nal life, and ensure the salvation of their immortal souls before it be too late; that after the storms and trials of this life they may enter where there 'is fullness of joy and pleasures at God's right hand.' It would be better for them to have a small missionary salary now, and start in their crown of rejoicing than to aspire to higher salaries that would enable them to ride in Pullman cars with white people."

"Some make good waiters in hotels, don't they?"

"Yes, some do; others get their uniforms and big wages and expect 'tips' then want higher wages, and if their requests are not granted they leave in a body in the height of the season. Then the proprietor has trouble to fill their places in a hurry, as they hoped he would have; not thankful for the good places they had and trying to do their best and render faithful service they put off to another hotel, often for the same wages, and play the same game. Some are good, but some prove untruthful and unreliable."

"How can their places be better filled?"

"At summer resorts by college boys and girls. In winter by many who prefer these situations to teaching all the year. This gives employment to many white young people, who ask: 'What can I do for a living?'"

"Are the poor negroes at the North that

you have seen in worse condition than the poor whites there?"

"Yes, I think they are. The poor whites are bad enough in their dirty houses, but most of them have spells of cleaning up, and do air their rooms, but the negroes do not like much air. They like a warm climate and make themselves as warm as possible; in winter they will put on all the clothes they have, rag after rag, until they look like a very bundle of rags."

"Are they worse off now than they were at the South in their homes?"

"Yes, in respect to cleanliness. There the overseer obliged them to have clean cabins, and at the master's house the housekeeper required every servant in the mistress's employ to be neat and tidy. Their dresses and aprons must be spotless. There they were a distinct race from the white people, and knew it, and kept their proper place as respectful servants and working people."

"Have you heard how it is at the South now with the negro?"

"Some friends spending the winter there say that as a rule they are lazy and shiftless and require constant help. The years make no difference. They are not thought well of as to truthfulness and honesty, and on most places dogs are kept to prevent chickens from being stolen. They are no benefit to a place, as they are not neat in their houses. When

a wash comes from them each piece must be examined to see that there is not brought into your home undesirable occupants."

"Have they not preaching now and teaching?"

"Yes, such as it is. It is mostly by ministers, as they are called by those who go to hear them and by themselves, but they can't read and write, and their preaching is a noisy ranting, most of it senseless, only screaming and moaning; for instance—this was heard at one of their Sunday services:

"'The disciples had their feet washed (a groan) um—um—um—so must we—um—um—um—by Jesus it was done—um—um—um—so must we—um—um—um.' What with feet washing and the holy dance they make religion a holy horror to a real true Christian."

"There seems too great a difference between the educated and the ignorant negro."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THIS deplorable condition of the negro ought to be studied into by our wisest business men, and some plan arrived at, and carried out in kindness to the American and to the African."

"Why don't you study the subject?"

"I believe I will."

Job took his time to investigate the subject thoroughly. He read all the books he could find published by travelers, explores, and missionaries. He was convinced that Africa with its 13,000,000 square miles was the garden spot of the world for the Africans. Its immense mines, its water falls, especially "The Victoria Falls," 800 feet deep with vapor like driven snow, more beautiful than any other in the world; its luxurious growth of fruits of all kinds; in fact, all its natural advantages made it an Eden for those who loved a hot climate, and this was the most healthful and salubrious of such climates. The gold mines and diamond mines made it a profitable country

to live in and make money. If the richest man in the world made his money by mines in Africa, why will not Christian capitalists let the negro have the same chance there, for Christ's sake? If a white man can live there to make money, why not the negro to make pleasant homes as well as money? It would not cost them much to live there. They could go with bare feet, as they like to do, all the year in that climate, and so save shoes. Their feet might get soiled, but it would not show. They would need no hats, no bonnets, being no danger of their getting tanned. They would not have to wear such layers of clothing as they do in America.

Job and Hope thought it just the most delightful home for the negro.

The wicked slave-trader brought them from Africa, and the South winked at the sin, and bought and sold these human beings. The North forced them from their owners by a war of which they were the cause; now the Union should finish the job by making arrangements to give them the land that is of right theirs. Africa for the Africans, say we. The rich men of America can bring it about. Then when God calls for the record of the Nations, Africa as well as China, Italy and other nations can each respond for their own land.

He says, "When the Son of Man shall come

in His glory, shall be gathered all nations."

"His eyes behold the nations."

"All nations shall call Him blessed."

"All nations whom Thou hast made shall
come, and worship before Thee, O Lord."

CHAPTER XIX.

"It seems to me," said Hope, "that this must be God's plan for these people, and that in helping them in it we would be doing God's will."

"It would need a lot of money."

"I should hope that would be had easily, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.' "

Job spoke to some rich men about it. They said the plan was feasible, and they would take hold of it, so millions were promised. The leading negroes were consulted, and they said they would be glad to be "like Moses," to "bring their people out."

The plan decided on was to buy a gold mine in Africa and many thousand acres at first, and take out as many families as liked to go to begin a new life there. Each family was to have a piece of ground given them as their own, and a good cabin built for them, that they might at last sit under their own "vine and fig tree." The old men would plant their

gardens with what they liked. The old women would keep bake shops. The young men would work in the mines and the profits be divided, one-half to be theirs, the other half to provide schools and churches and support preachers and teachers. The young women would be dressmakers and milliners, keep the houses nicely and marry the young men. A colony would be formed with a President and other officers, to serve for a term of years, and then give others a chance. So the smartest and best educated men would be in power to settle all public affairs. Not a white man would be allowed to stay there, and interfere with them. The large capital behind the enterprise would be a permanent one, as those willing to help had their own families provided for to an amount best for them. "We brought nothing into the world, and it is sure we can take nothing out of it," but will find "much treasure of ours in Heaven, laid up for us," if we put it there while we live.

*"If men cared less for wealth and fame
And less for battlefields and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied on love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.*

*"If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindred feelings;
If men when Wrong beats down the Right
Would strike together to restore it;
If Right made Might in every fight,
The world would be the better for it."*

—M. H. COBB.

It was decided to appoint a committee to go to Africa and buy the land in the best location possible. Job was asked to go as leader. He said he was willing, if his wife would let him go.

He asked her and she said: "Yes, of course; it was a splendid chance to do good. An opportunity that could occur only once in a lifetime."

"You can stay with Gaylord in his college town, and then you won't miss me."

"I shall go with you. We have been married twenty years, and moved from place to place forty-one times. We have never been separated. Our life has been all golden. I have kept step with you, and shall I stop now? No, never. 'Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; where thou diest, will I die; naught but death shall part thee and me,' and that but for a short time."

"We are not going to Africa to die."

"I would be willing to die in such a cause."

"You are a brave little woman."

"Why should I be afraid of death? A beautiful poet calls it Emancipation."

*"Why be afraid of death, as though your life
were breath?"*

*Death but anoints your eyes with clay. O
glad surprise!*

*"Why should you be forlorn? Death only
husks the corn.*

*Why should you fear to meet the thresher of
the wheat?"*

*"Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping you
are dead*

*Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the
skies.*

*"Why should it be a wrench to leave your
wooden bench?"*

*Why not with happy shout run home when
school is out?"*

*"The dear ones left behind! O foolish one
and blind,*

*A day—and you will meet—a night—and you
will greet!"*

*"This is the death of Death, to breathe away
a breath
And know the end of strife, and taste the
deathless life.*

*"And joy without a fear, and smile without a
tear,
And work, nor care to rest, and find the last
the best."* —M. D. B.

A party of twelve men formed the company that went to Africa, six white men, four took their wives, and six colored men. They realized that what was to be done must be accomplished soon; as the negro population now of 8,000,000 in a few years would increase to 16,000,000 and be a nation within a nation.

CHAPTER XX.

GAYLORD was greatly surprised by a visit from his parents, and the news they had to tell him. He appreciated their feeling in the matter, and said:

"It was just like them and they must not be gone long but return to see him graduate."

He introduced them to "his pretty Southern girl, Grace Lovell," and they too were much pleased with her. Her intelligent face, her pretty manners, and best of all, her strong Christian character, as Gaylord described it to them, made them satisfied with his choice. His frequent letters cheered his parents during their absence. His favorite theme was "Grace."

"I may have fallen in love with her, but don't be frightened, I will not marry a girl unless you love her too, and are willing to have her for a daughter; as I have said before, I would rather keep my heart in an ice-box until I know of your approval; but she is so bright and handsome, and good-natured, that you, too, will be in love with her, as you know her better. You can't help it."

His many letters had many jokes in them to entertain his parents. In one he told of a bright conundrum Grace had originated.

"Seeing a glass pitcher with roses in it, she asked :

" 'Why is a pitcher a suitable vase?'

" 'He gave it up.

" 'Because it has a nose for flowers.'

" 'Very good, wasn't it, for a girl?'

" 'She is the victim of a good joke that has got out about her. She does not know that any of us fellows know about it. At one of our receptions, she was trying to entertain, and make herself agreeable to, one of the learned professors. He is a little hard of hearing. She asked him if he liked bananas? He did not answer, but looked at her inquiringly. So she repeated the question a little louder. He looked thoughtful, and then in a low, dignified voice, replied :

" 'I have not given the subject of pajamas any attention. I judge it to be a Japanese word.' It is needless to say she blushed, and turned the subject to one less personal, and soon after left the room to breathe the fresh air out of doors."

Another joke was on a freshman, who was rather simple, and some of the fellows got in the habit of calling him a flat. He told his chum, after a visit to his home, that his mother, who was a godly woman, had hung up

on the wall the motto, "God bless our flat." His chum thought it was too good to keep to himself, and told Gaylord. While his parents were in Africa, Gaylord accepted an invitation of the brother of Grace to spend his winter vacation with him at his Southern home. He was treated so well by all the family that he became in love with them all in general, and Grace in particular.

When his parents returned from Africa, he told them of his love for Grace and wish to marry her. An invitation was extended to Grace and her brother to visit them at their seaside home. The result was that the whole family came North and took board at a hotel in a nearby resort.

The families became well acquainted, and were mutually pleased. Gaylord and Grace became engaged, and spent such happy hours together as is only possible by the seaside; hearing what the wild waves say to each other and to them; talking love and romance inspired by the moonlight on the water.

Gaylord was asked by his father what he proposed doing for a living. He answered he would like to have an orange grove at the South and cultivate it.

This project found favor with his parents, and one was purchased and given to him with the understanding that he must be practical and know that every soul employed by him

did right and received righteous treatment. He said he would take all responsibility connected with the business, and was sure his parents would be satisfied with his management. He selected his servants carefully, both for the plantation and for his house. He was his own overseer, provided well for all, paid good wages, and gave them short hours for work that they might have time for rest and improvement. They were provided with a public hall, used on the Sabbath for preaching and teaching, and during the week as a reading-room with a good library and writing accommodations.

They had a good living, and saved up money in the bank. When any one wished to get married he furnished them with the needful things, and sent them to Africa to establish a new home there.

CHAPTER XXI.

GAYLORD found by experience that white labor was better than the negro labor, so he fitted out all his servants in good condition and gave them a fair start in Africa.

His plantation was more successful and easier managed after that, as one white man could in half a day do more and better work than one negro in a whole day. The same was true in his house, with white servants there. He employed the poor Southern whites, giving them a chance to make a good living. He also employed for outside work some Italians, who enjoyed the warm climate and took naturally to fruit and flowers. They would save up in a few years enough of their wages to return to their beloved Italy, and could go into business there. Their inspiration and anticipation was Italy, land of beautiful skies and gorgeous sunsets and genial air.

*"O, Italy, delightful Italy,
My heart longs for thee,
A wanderer now, my thoughts turn hopefully
Thy beloved shores again to see."*

In the course of time, Gaylord and Grace were married and began life together in their pleasant Southern residence. A more beautiful home where love reigned it were hard to find. God was honored. His day was honored. Gaylord became the teacher and preacher in the Hall he had built, and without seeking honors they came to him, for the promise is:

"Them that honor me I will honor." "O, what a glory doth this world put on, for him who with a fervent heart goes forth under the bright and glorious sky, and looks on duties well performed and days well spent."

THE END.

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